

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

EDITOR: MACGYVER



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STREET VIBRATIONS

Well...I had high expectations after the success of previous out of town runs, but I can't call it a total waste of time. I can call it a big waste of opportunity. Everything started off Thursday morning for myself, hooking up with Staples at Starbucks in Cordelia. Heavy K and Maleman arrived shortly after. I was ready to go as soon as they rolled up.

Cooler minds prevailed. Heavy K said that there were a dozen members that raised their hands high last meeting when asked who would be going up on Thursday. So I sat back down and finished my coffee, even more excited now, knowing a good size pack would form shortly.

We departed Starbucks and headed for the next rendezvous point. As we passed the weigh station at Sacramento, the four man crew tried to keep their spirits up, coming to the realization that only three out of the twelve who had raised their hands at the last meeting decided to show up for the ride.

We had more to worry about



than that however. The onslaught of bad motorcycle riders was the worst I had ever come across. I could not have been more proud of Heavy K's restraint as we made it passed some of the most unaware riders I have ever seen. How he kept from thumping one rider, who jammed us up and tested Staples A.B.S. breaks, is beyond me. I can only surmise that it was the colors on our backs that kept us from giving him an adjustment. (continued on page 2)



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Outside At The Beer Garden



Jumpstart Ms Teri Roadrunner



Sandra and Ice



Heavy K shows Trudye the Hawaiian style

STREET VIBRATIONS (CONT.)

We pulled into Boomtown along the way to spend a moment catching up before we went to our hotels, when Roadrunner strolled up on us with Trudye. Trudye had mostly stopped to do some warm up gambling. After a bite to eat we made our way down to Reno.

The first night has always been the best night historically, in this sort of adventure. This would stay true this time as well. By sunset at Harrah's Beer Garden our numbers had grown... counting wives we were eleven, this group of rapidly getting happy Street Vibration goers. We had found ourselves perfectly located behind a barrier, corralled for the safety of others that would come to pass. It trapped us in a way that the well armed shot girl, Teri, was picking us off slowly, one by one at first. As the night fell and the fabulous sounds of the band **Hindsight** rang across the beer garden, Teri began to cast her net of shots wider and wider.

Soon Mac had found the right note that would whistle the rallying cry, as he used the empty shot tubes to call to arms another round. I don't think for a moment that it was not due to us, that the next day when we saw Teri, she had run out of the tubes and had to use little plastic cups. This night though, the many rounds of shot tubes found everyone present lost in dancing to the sounds of Hindsight as the night came to an end...slowly. We followed Hindsight to a casino lounge in Cal Neva for more tunes Friday night. (continued on page 3)



Roadrunner an Trudye getting their groove on late into the night.

STREET VIBRATIONS (CONT.)

Friday, while I gathered my thoughts for a ride to Virginia City, my sweetheart, Kimberley, questioned me about the large number of strange looking tubes layering the top of the hotel desk...along with the bruises on my right leg. The first was easily explained, and I had pictures. The second would be answered later after I got over my embarrassment. However, I choose not to write down what happened. I will, for my fellow brothers safety, explain my new personal safety rule if asked.

The ride to Virginia City was a great one. The normally overcrowded, no place to park, weekend was surprisingly calm and great t-shirt weather. We paid our dues with a very fast in and out of the Bucket of Blood. Then we found a cool almost empty spot two doors down at the Red Lantern, where we watched the over abounding sheriffs, swat teams and police watching us watch them. After some lunch we made the loop passed Carson City, back to Reno.

Unfortunately, once back in Reno, we returned to the ISMC theme of setting in a chair rather than riding on a seat event! There were no rides scheduled, at least none anyone shared with the group, only a breakfast together on Saturday morning. The only positive was the food being hot and great friends to talk to. Everyone came and went so fast. Sitting at three different tables really didn't help communications much though.

I can't help remembering Iron Butt saying he was not going if there were no rides scheduled. I should have taken heed of his comment. This, and the fact of so many driving up or coming up for the free breakfast only, sends me a message that was shared by some other members. They told stories about what it used to be like when we were a club of riders. When ISMC made a point of riding. This was no Brotherhood run, not even close to the excellently scheduled and executed run that was. Regardless that the Street Vibrations activity has its own rides, to have some just for our group would have really made the excursion more worth while. It was great hanging out with some of the members at the casinos and beer garden...but what about the rides? FD's short and to the point comment, **"I can get drama at work, lets ride,"** makes perfect sense. Everything is better when we ride together.

~Article by MacGyver~



Mac with the Band



A one time to do only stop!



Assistant Editor Kimberley & MacGyver



Lady Raye and Tree



V.P. KC and Scuby

WHERE'S DA REST OF DA CLUB?

This past weekend the East Bay Dragons hosted their annual Labor Day Party. This event included a Friday Night Open Clubhouse party. Brother V had participated in the Friday Open Club party. He said it was a great time. On Sunday they held "The Dragon Block Party." In addition to these long standing events, the Dragons celebrated their 49th anniversary. I had the ability to attend two of the three functions.



The Anniversary Party, which was so big it was held at Cow Palace, was held on Saturday night. It was a typical Dragons event with all the music and drink you could handle. Brothers from LA, Arizona, Vegas, New York and Georgia are just some of the long distance members that attended. Now, the only sad thing about the event was the question I was asked all night..., "Where's the rest of da club?" After making several excuses about how it was the holiday weekend, other commitments and just couldn't make it comments...I just started saying, "I'm the Last Soul." This carried on as a joke, which the various members I said it to had a great laugh. Just for the record, to my knowledge I was the only Soul there. Let me know if I'm wrong. Hope so.

The next day, Mack, V, Blues and I attended the block party. This time, instead of "Where's the club," we got "Where's so and so," ...again with the various excuses. Both events were great times, so I wonder what happened to the rest of the club. This event is a recognized Association event, that's in Northern California in Oakland, and we couldn't attend in numbers. Also, it happened to be a special event, 49th anniversary of our lead club...and we couldn't attend in numbers....

I know I have been away from the club awhile, but I thought we still had the same connections we had when I left. To my knowledge, we are still members of the Association and attend meetings on a regular basis. So I thought Association events are still a priority. I thought this one would be easier since all events are in Oakland. I didn't expect the club to ignore this event. I know by saying this I'll cause some head shaken', but I'll say it...20 plus members to stuff backpacks, 20 plus members to give Easter baskets, 20 plus members to give out toys...not to say anything bad about these events. They are awesome events, but I guess by seeing what kind of events get the club's full participation should have prepared me for poor showing at this particular weekend...but as we say, "Its all good." I guess I really do know the answer to the question, "What happened to the club." Next time I'm at an event that used to be a club priority, I'll know what to say..."**The club just has other things to do.**"

Footnote: OG 21 member Maleman later informed me that he attended the Dragon Anniversary Party, but because of the size of the party we never saw each other. Maleman did say to me that various club members asked him the same thing..."Where's the rest of da club." Brother Maleman...sorry I missed you at the event, but we definitely made up time in RENO...BRU.

~Article by Heavy K~

Photo by Roadrunner

END

ONE IN THE BOX BOSS

Did you know, back in the day...the early 90s around 93 or 94...Zephyr an original 23, came up with a cool idea while working with the Alameda Probation Department. He drilled holes in a box. Why drill holes in a perfectly good wooden box you ask. Well I will tell you. He then took the box to work and placed a sign on it that read "Don't Touch." How cleverish evil is that.

I know what you're thinking, picturing all the children and adults that were drawn to it like a bear to honey. I wish I had thought of that. This simple idea has grown and changed through the years. Talking to Zephyr about it, he is happy to hear what started out as just a fun way to generate revenue for the club has turned into a tradition of sharing and giving back.

The idea of the box has evolved to this. During the monthly club meeting, a prospect will try not to annoy any patch member while they eat by selling raffle tickets for the Box. At the end of the meeting the winner gets to take the Box. Now most will not open it there. All good poker players know not to count their winnings at the table sort of thing, don't you know. They can remove any or all of the items from the Box, with the understanding that they will put something back into it. The something can be anything from a can of Spam to Harley parts, books or even memorabilia.

The premise goes back to the sign Zephyr put on it "Don't Touch." The point is not what is in the Box, it's to SEE what's in the Box. Buying a raffle ticket is a commitment to your Brothers in a couple of ways, not the least is you get the box back the very next meeting, and that a little something be put in it. This is done for no other reason than respect for your Brothers. That being said, the Keeper is more than happy to read out the name of the last winner, then logs it into the minutes and sends it out for all to read. We await the next meeting to find out who will be given a good natured fine and/or verbal abuse by all present for not bringing it back... As Mr. T would say, I pity the fool who forgets the box.

I got out a pencil and paper and did some ciphering. I think I am low balling it at \$25 of raffle tickets sold per monthly meeting since 1993. That's about 180 meetings. So we are looking at \$4,500



from this one idea from Zephyr, not counting the way it has brought us together. **I would like to thank Zephyr**, from all of us, along with the members who bring items to toss into the box just for the doing.

~Article by MacGyver~

~Photo by Zephyr~

END

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

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ISMC



Brotherhood, Respect Unity

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

I was sorry to miss the last club meeting at Sacramento. Reading the minutes, there seemed to be a lot of discussion about Soul Smoke in my absence. I would have liked to have contributed some feedback first hand.

From my first issue on, I was told that I was on my own as to content and format...well, as to everything really. I was given this challenge after just recently being made a member of the Iron Souls, and was very excited about it. As I began my membership with the club and writing about the club events I attended, it became easier to write the articles about the club I am so proud to be a part of.



I was happy to read in the minutes, that seven months into my Journalist journey. The former editor, vice president and president have all offered now to review Soul Smoke prior to it being sent to the members and hopefully put on our website someday. I would like to thank them for their offer, as any help is appreciated. I have chosen to send out Soul Smoke to our president, Tree, two days before all the members. He can give it an eyeball to see if I am upsetting anyone, revealing any secrets best kept, or making any foibles. The good news is that I finally got to use the word "foibles," one of my favorite words, but not an easy one to work into a conversation.

I would really like to thank the few members that have really helped me by contributing to Soul Smoke (T-Bone, V, Zephyr, Heavy K, and Voodoo), by taking some of their own time to write articles and make sure my voice was not the only one being heard. Roadrunner has been my one constant source of information and support. I have no doubt that he will also continue to support the next editor as well.

On that note, I want to take this opportunity to inform everyone my last Soul Smoke newsletter as Editor will be to showcase the 16th Anniversary Party in Sacramento in early 2009. I hope, given the advance notice, that another worthy editor can be volunteered into the position and take a turn in making his voice heard as well.

Should anyone have any article they can write and share, remember they are very welcome, and thank you for the support.

END